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Lovechild
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THE BOOK OF

NURSERY RHYMES,

TALES, AND FABLES.

A GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

EDITED BY LAWRENCE LOVECHILD.

PHILADELPHIA:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

Since this little work was first projected, and partly executed, several collections of a similar kind have appeared; and it is possible that had any of these been of such a description as materially to interfere with its plan, the intention of bringing it out might have been abandoned. So far, however, as the character of the recent collections of Nursery Rhymes as illustrated works is concerned, the merits of the present volume, whatever they may be in that respect, have not been anticipated; and as it was conceived that, with regard to the Rhymes themselves, something yet remained to be accomplished in the way of judicious selection as well as of emendation, the ground seemed to be still so far unoccupied as at least to justify the pretensions of the present compilation to be regarded as a novelty, and as having claims which were not possessed by previous publications of a like kind. It may be added, be-

sides, that the delay which, owing to unforeseen circumstances, has occurred in the preparation of the work, has tended to give it the advantage of now having, to a great extent, an open field to itself. It is hoped, therefore, that this addition to the stock of our nursery-literature will not be deemed an unnecessary or undesirable one.

The care bestowed on the compilation of the volume has, in particular, had reference to the exclusion of such Rhymes as, morally speaking, are of questionable tendency; and this with the view of giving to the collection that merely playful, droll, and innocent character which, considering its purpose, it undoubtedly ought to possess.

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1.

LITTLE maid, pretty maid,
whither goest thou?
Down in the forest
to milk my cow.

Shall I go with thee?
No, not now.
When I send for thee,
then come thou.

2.

LITTLE lad, little lad,
where wast thou born?
Far off in Lancashire,
under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk
in a ram's horn.

3.

OLD mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

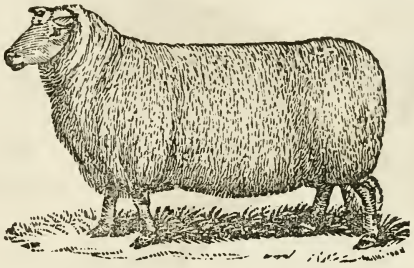
She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow:
The dame said, Your servant,
The dog said, Bow, wow.

4.

ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man
Clothed all in leather,
Clothed all in leather,
With cap below his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?



5.

AS I was going to Derby all on a market-day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay;
Upon hay, upon hay, upon hay;
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.

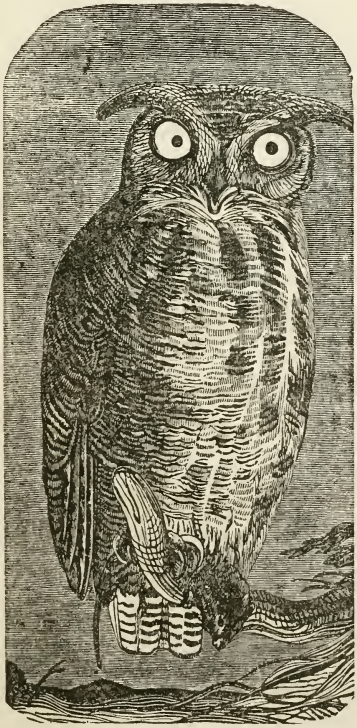
This ram was fat behind, sir; this ram was fat before;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed he was no more;
No more, no more, no more;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed he was no more.

The horns that grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reach'd up to the sky;
The sky, the sky, the sky;
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reach'd up to the sky.

The tail that grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell;
And it was sent to Derby to toll the market-bell;
The bell, the bell, the bell;
And it was sent to Derby to toll the market-bell.

6.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And kill'd a crow.



7.

THERE was an owl lived in a tree,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And all the words he ever spoke,
Were fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Said he, I 'll shoot you, silly bird,
With your fiddle, faddle, feedle.

8.

COME hither, sweet Robin, and be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet Robin, and pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold weather.
I don't mean to frighten you, poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind me.

But now the wind blows, and I must not stay long,
I shall let all the snow and the sleet in;
So remember next summer to give me a song,
To pay for the breakfast you're eating.
I don't mean to frighten you, poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me;
So hop about pretty, and drop down your wing,
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind me.

9.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

10.

THERE were three jovial
huntsmen,
As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
All on a summer's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other said nay;
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other said nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

11.

WHEN the snow is on the ground,
Little Robin Redbreast grieves;
For no berries can be found,
And on the trees there are no leaves.

The air is cold, the worms are hid;
For this poor bird what can be done?
We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

12.

LITTLE Nell Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And with a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

13.

HOW many days has my darling to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday:
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

14.

WHEN a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

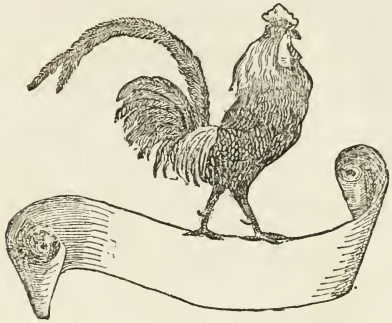
15.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving-men;
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot;
The third he was a Welshman;
And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman loved usquebaugh,
The Scot loved ale call'd bluecap,
The Welshman he loved toasted cheese,
And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman;
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welshman had like to be choked by a mouse,
But he pull'd it out by the tail.



16.

COCK crows in the morn,
To tell us to rise,
And he who lies late
Will never be wise:
For early to bed,
And early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy
And wealthy and wise.

17.

TAFFY was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was from home;
Taffy came to my house,
and stole a marrow-bone.

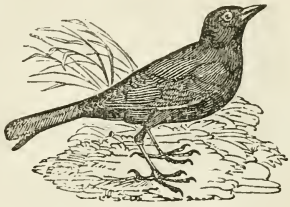
18.

LITTLE Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie;
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, O fie!

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie,
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-bye!

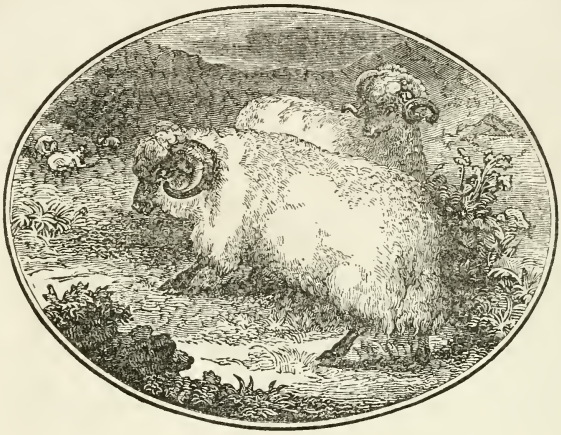
19.

OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree:
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she!
Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou!
This song is well sung, I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.



20.

SING a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbird
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
By came a little bird,
And snapp'd off her nose.



21.

LAZY sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning until night?
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray:
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, yes, very cold, you'd be,
If you had no wool from me.

Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

22.

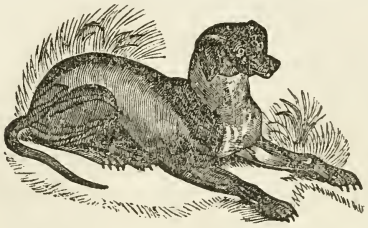
ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father 's a nobleman, mother 's a queen;
And Betty 's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny 's a drummer, and drums for the king.

23.

THE girl in the lane, that could n't speak plain,
Cried, gobble, gobble, gobble;
The man on the hill, that could n't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

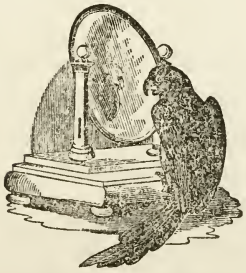
24.

HERE 'S a poor widow from Babylon,
With six poor children all alone;
One can bake, and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew,
One can sit at the fire and spin,
One can bake a cake for the king:
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
Come choose the one that you love best.



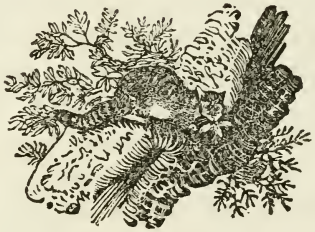
25.

COME hither, little puppy dog,
I'll give you a new collar,
If you will learn to read your book,
And be a clever scholar.
No, no! replied the puppy dog,
I've other fish to fry;
For I must learn to guard your house,
And bark when thieves come nigh.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.



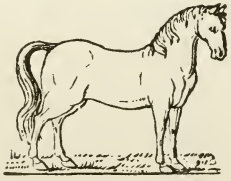
Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
Come and learn your letters;
And you shall have a knife and fork
To eat with, like your betters.

No, no! the cockatoo replied,
My beak will do as well;
I'd rather eat my victuals thus,
Than go and learn to spell.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.



Come hither, little pussy cat,
If you'll your grammar study,
I'll give you silver clogs to wear
Whene'er the gutter's muddy.
No! whilst I grammar learn, says puss,
Your house will in a trice
Be overrun, from top to bottom,
With flocks of rats and mice.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.

Come hither, then, good little boy,
And learn your alphabet,
And you a pair of boots and spurs,
Like your papa's, shall get.
O yes! I'll learn my alphabet;
And when I well can read,
Perhaps papa will give me, too,
A pretty long-tail'd steed.
With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
Robin knows great A,
And B, and C, and D, and E,
F, G, H, I, J, K.



26.

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy 's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin
To lap his little baby in.

27.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single;
But when he got tired
of this kind of life,
He left off being single,
And took him a wife.

28.

ZICKETY, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse ran,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

29.

WHO is that I heard call?
Little Sam in the hall.
What does he do there?
He ask'd for some fruit.
For some fruit did he ask?
Can he yet read his book?
He can't read it yet.
Then he shan't have a bit:
But pray give him a bite
When he says his task right;
And till that is well done,
Take you care he has none.

20.

LITTLE Jenny Wren
Fell sick upon a time;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her cake and wine.

Eat of my cake, Jenny,
And drink of my wine;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin he was angry,
And hopp'd upon a twig;
Saying, Out upon you, fy upon you,
Bold-faced jig!

31.

SING song! merry go round,
Here we go up to the moon, oh!
Little Johnnie a penny has found,
And so we 'll sing a tune, oh!
What shall I buy,
Johnnie did cry,
With the penny I 've found,
So bright and round?
What shall you buy?
A kite that will fly
Up to the moon, all through the sky!
But if, when it gets there,
It should stay in the air;
Or the man in the moon
Should open his door,
And take it in with his long, long paw;—
We should sing to another tune, oh!

32.

TO market, to market,
To buy a plum bun:
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

33.

JOHN COOK had a little gray mare;
he, haw, hum;
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare;
he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's bank
he, haw, hum.
And there his nag did kick and prank;
he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's hill;
he, haw, hum;
His mare fell down, and she made her will;
he, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;
he, haw, hum;
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself;
he, haw, hum.

34.

WILLYWITE, Willywite,
with his long bill;
If he 's not gone,
he stands there still.

35.

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
I will go with you, if that I may.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,
I'm going to help them to make the hay.

36.

WHEN I was a little boy
I lived by myself;
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London-town
To buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home
In a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke,
And my wife had a fall;
Down came wheel-barrow,
Wife and all.

37.

NOW the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Come, my little snowdrop root,
Will you not begin to shoot?

Ah! I see your little head
Peeping on my flower-bed,
Looking all so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.

For the mild south wind doth blow,
And hath melted all the snow;
And the sun shines out so warm,
You need not fear another storm.

So, your pretty flower shew,
And your petals white undo,
Then you 'll hang your modest head
Down upon my flower-bed.

38.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper
What shall he eat? White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?
How shall he marry without e'er a wife?

39.

NOSE, nose, jolly red nose;
And what gave thee that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

40.

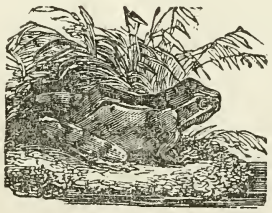
A WAS an angler,
Went out in a fog;
Who fish'd all the day,
And caught only a frog.

B was cook Betty,
A baking a pie
With ten or twelve apples
All piled up on high.

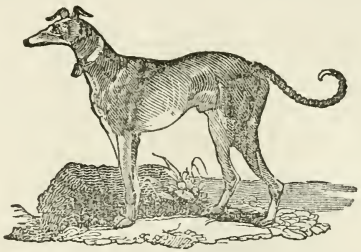
C was a custard
In a glass dish,
With as much cinnamon
As you could wish.

D was fat Dick,
Who did nothing but eat;
He would leave book and play
For a nice bit of meat.

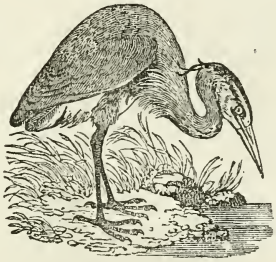
E is an egg
In a basket with more,
Which Peggy will sell
For a shilling a score.



F was a frog,
A great croaker was he;
He lived in a bog,
And much annoy'd me.



G was a greyhound,
As fleet as the wind;
In the race or the course
Left all others behind.

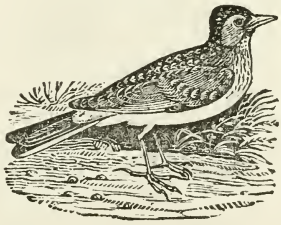


H was a heron,
Who lived near a pond;
Of gobbling the fishes
He was wondrously fond.

I was the ice,
On which Billy would skate;
So up went his heels,
And down went his pate.

J was Joe Jenkins,
Who play'd on the fiddle;
He began twenty tunes,
But left off in the middle.

K was a kitten,
Who jump'd at a cork,
And learn'd to eat mice
Without plate, knife, or fork.

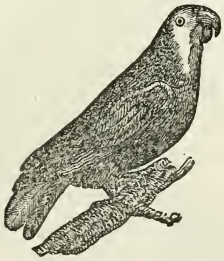


L is a lark
Who sings us a song,
And wakes us betimes
Lest we sleep too long.

M was Miss Molly,
Who turn'd in her toes,
And hung down her head
Till her knees touch'd her nose.

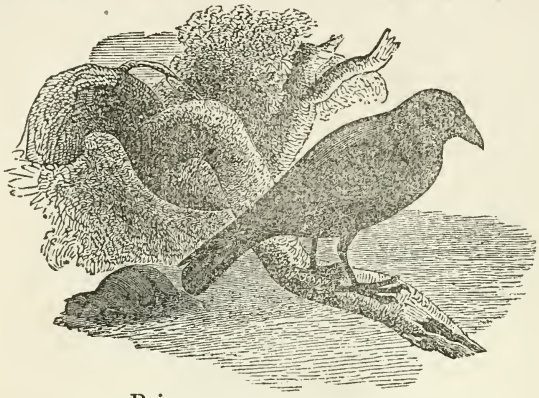
N was a nosegay
Sprinkled with dew;
Pull'd in the morning,
And presented to you.

O is an owl,
Who looks wondrously wise;
But he 's watching a mouse
With his large round eyes.

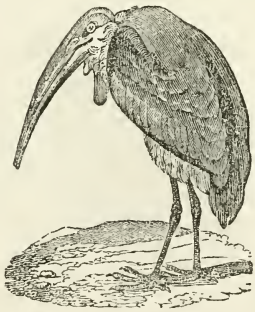


P is a parrot,
With feathers like gold;
Who talks just as much
And no more than he 's told.

Q is the queen,
Who governs England,
And sits on a throne
Very lofty and grand.



R is a raven
Perch'd on an oak,
Who, with a gruff voice,
Cries, Croak, croak, croak!



S is a stork,
With a very long bill;
Who swallows down fishes
And frogs to his fill.

T is a trumpeter
Blowing his horn,
Who tells us the news
As we rise in the morn.

U is a unicorn,
  Who, as it is said,
Wears an ivory bodkin
  On his forehead.

V is a vulture
  Who eats a great deal,
Devouring a dog
  Or a cat at a meal.

W was a watchman,
  Who guarded the street,
Lest robbers or thieves
  The good people should meet.

X was King Xerxes,
  Who, if you don't know,
Reign'd over Persia
  A great while ago.

Y is the year
  That is passing away,
And still growing shorter
  Every day.

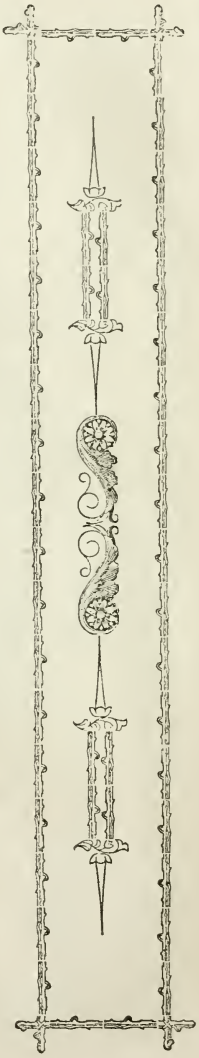
Z is a zebra,
Whom you 've heard of before:—
So here ends my rhyme
Till I find you some more.

41.

BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

42.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair:
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
Let me taste your ware.
Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
Show me first your penny.
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
Indeed I have not any.
Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



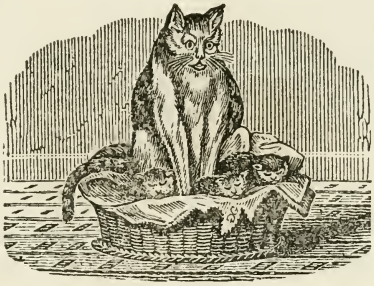
43.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

44.

PRETTY maid,
pretty maid,
where have you been?
Gathering a posy
to give to the queen.

Pretty maid,
pretty maid,
what gave she you?
She gave me a diamond
as big as my shoe.

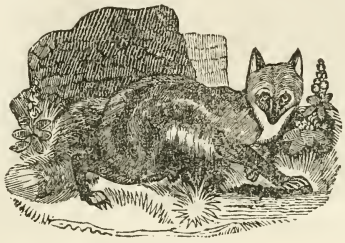


45.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come to 't.
The beer 's to brew, the bread 's to bake,
So, pussy cat, pussy cat, don't be too late.

46.

GOOSY, goosy gander,
Where did you wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
I met a naughty old man,
That would not say his prayers
I took him by the left leg,
And push'd him down stairs.



47.

THE fox jump'd up on a moonlight night;
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it 's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his ears, and he listen'd a while;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it 's but a short mile
From this unto yonder town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bones, e-oh!

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack;
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;
You 'll do very well to ride on my back
From this into yonder town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
O husband! O husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
Ah, ha, said the farmer, I think you're quite dead,
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!

48.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink:
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

49.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!

50.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He call'd for his pipe,
And he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
went the fiddlers.
Oh, there 's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

51.

A FARMER went trotting
upon his gray mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him
so rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried, Croak!
and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
The mare broke her knees,
and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

The mischievous raven
flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vow'd he would serve them
the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

52.

GAY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

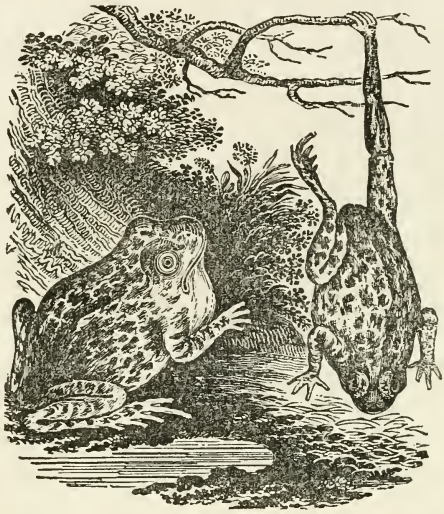
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

53.

A WAS an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D danced for it;
E eyed it;
F fought for it;
G gaped for it;
H hung it up;
I inspected it;
J jumped at it;
K kicked it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S skipped for it;
T turned it;
U upset it;
V viewed it;
W wished for it;
X, Y, Z, and &, all did the same;
and at last the pie was, by final consent,
divided among the whole party.



54.

A FROG he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.

So off he march'd with his nice new hat,
And on the way he met with a rat.

When they came to the door of the mouse's hall,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
Oh, yes, Mr. Rat, I'm learning to spin.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?
For froggy and I are fond of good cheer.

But as they were all a merry-making,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown;
The kittens they pull'd the little mouse down.

This put poor frog in a terrible fright;
So he took up his hat, and he wish'd them good-night.

As froggy was crossing him over a brook,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
The rat, the mouse, and the little frogg-ee!

55.

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both
They lick'd the platter clean.

56.

'TWAS once upon a time
when Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
and so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
for he was a gallant bird;
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,
if you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry-pie, you shall,
and drink new currant-wine;
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
or any peacock gay:
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
let us appoint the day.

Jenny blush'd behind her fan,
and thus declared her mind:
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind;

Cherry-pie is very nice,
and so is currant-wine,
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
and never go too fine.

Robin Redbreast rose up early
all at the break of day,
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
and sung a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast
and little Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
he then began again.

57.

THERE was a glossy blackbird once
Lived in a cherry-tree,
He chirp'd and sung from morn to night,
No bird so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be,
Good boys shall have cherries as soon
as they're ripe,
But naughty boys none from me.

58.

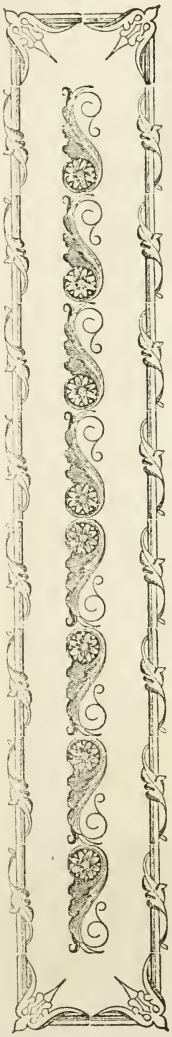
WHO comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where is your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You stupid sot

59.

TWENTY, nineteen, eighteen,
Seventeen, sixteen, fifteen,
Fourteen, thirteen, twelve,
Eleven, ten, nine,
Eight, seven, six,
Five, four, three,
Two, one;
The tenor o' the tune plays merrilie.

60.

DANCE, little baby,
dance up high;
Never mind, baby,
mother is by;
Crow and caper,
caper and crow.
There, little baby,
there you go—
Up to the ceiling,
Down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards,
round and round:
Dance, little baby,
mother will sing,
With the merry carol,
ding, ding, ding.



61.

WHY is pussy in bed, pray?
She is sick, says the fly,
And I fear she will die;
That 's why she 's in bed.

Pray, what 's her disorder?
She 's got a lock'd jaw,
Says the little jack-daw,
And that 's her disorder.

Who makes her gruel?
I, says the horse,
For I am her nurse,
And I make her gruel.

Pray who is her doctor?
Quack, quack, says the duck;
I that task undertook,
And I am her doctor.

Who thinks she 'll recover?
I, says the deer,
For I did last year;
So I think she 'll recover.

62.

THERE were two birds
sat upon a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
One flew away,
and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other flew after,
and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
And so the poor stone
it was left all alone,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!

Of these two birds
one back again flew,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
The other came after,
and then there were two,
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
Said one to the other,
Pray how do you do?
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;
Very well, thank you,
and pray how do you?
Fa, la, la, la, lal, de!

63.

THERE was an old woman who rode on a broom,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And she took her old cat behind for a groom,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

They travell'd along till they came to the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
But the journey so long made them very hungry,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

Says Tom, I can find nothing here to eat
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
So let us go back again, I entreat,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

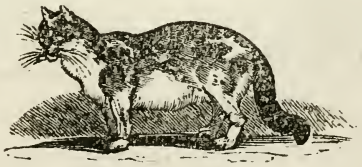
The old woman would not go back so soon,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For she wanted to visit the Man in the Moon,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

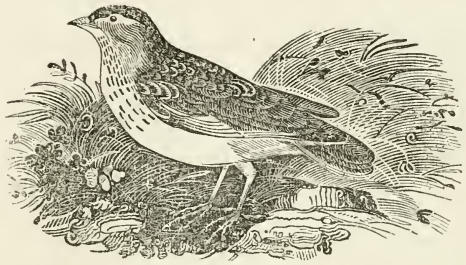
Says Tom, I'll go back by myself to our house,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
For there I can catch a good rat or a mouse,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

But, says the old woman, how will you go?
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
You shan't have my nag, I protest and vow,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

No, no, says Tom, I've a plan of my own,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
So he slid down the rainbow, and left her alone,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.

So now, if you happen to visit the sky,
With a high gee ho, gee humble;
And want to come back, you Tom's method may try,
With a bimble, bamble, bumble.





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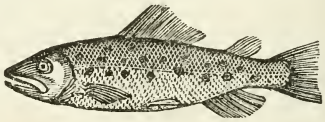
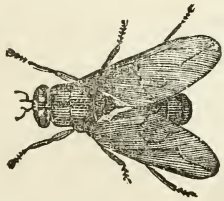


WHO kill'd Cock-Robin?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Cock-Robin.

Who caught his blood?
I, said the fish,
With my little dish,
And I caught his blood.

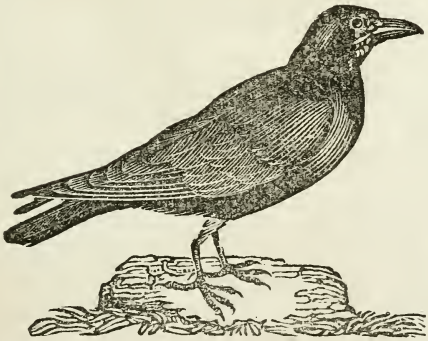


Who saw him die?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
And I saw him die.

Who made his shroud?
I, said the beetle,
With my little needle,
And I made his shroud.

Who will dig his grave?
I, said the owl,
With my spade and shovel,
And I 'll dig his grave.

Who will be the clerk?
I, said the lark,
If 't is not in the dark,
And I will be the clerk.

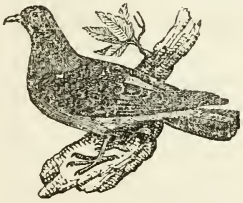


Who will be the parson?
I, said the rook,
With my little book,
And I will be the parson.

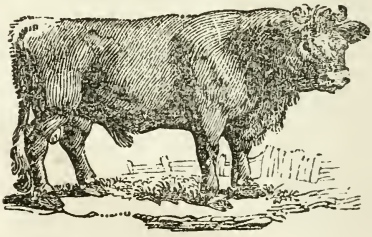
Who 'll carry him to the grave?
I, said the kite,
If 't is not in the night,
And I'll carry him to the grave.

Who will carry the link?
I, said the linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link.

Who 'll sing a psalm?
I, says the thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
And I'll sing a psalm.

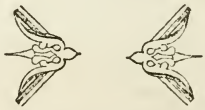


Who will be the chief mourner?
I, said the dove,
For I mourn for my love,
And I 'll be chief mourner.

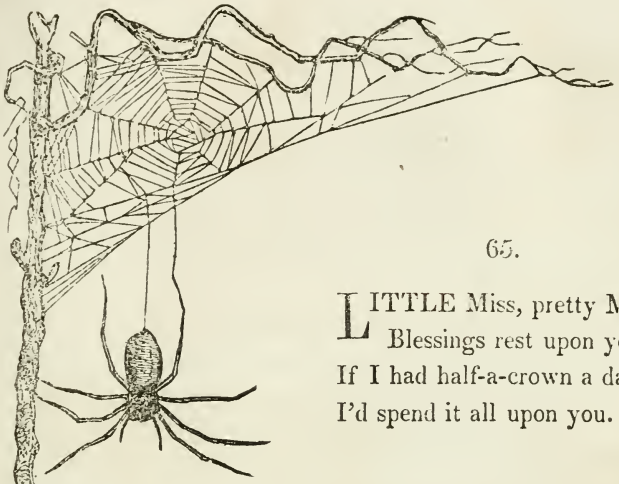


Who 'll toll the bell?
I, said the bull,
Because I can pull;
So Cock-Robin, farewell.

Who will bear the pall?
We, said the wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
And we will bear the pall.



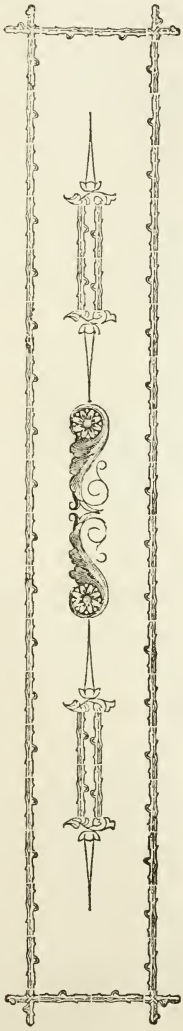
Then, all the birds fell
To sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock-Robin.



65.

LITTLE Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings rest upon you;
If I had half-a-crown a day
I'd spend it all upon you.

LITTLE Miss Muffett,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frighten'd Miss Muffet
away.



66.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
For Thumbkin, he can dance alone,
Thumbkin, he can dance alone.

Dance, Foreman, dance,
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Middleman, dance,
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
For Middleman, he can dance alone,
Middleman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Ringman, dance,
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
For Ringman, he can dance alone,
Ringman, he can dance alone.

Dance, Littleman, dance,
Dance, ye merrymen, every one;
For Littleman, he can't dance alone,
Littleman, he can't dance alone.

67.

THE man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answer'd him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

68.

THERE was an old woman went up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon:
But where she was going nobody could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, O whither, whither so high?
O, I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky,
And I'll come down to you bye and bye.

69.

ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, open the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, I hope you're well;
Thirteen, fourteen, draw the curtain;
Fifteen, sixteen, the maid's in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, she's in waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty;
Please, mamma, to give me some dinner.

70.

PUSSY sits beside the fire,
So pretty and so fair;
In comes the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy,
Pray how do you do?
Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

71.

I HAD a little pony,
They called it Dapple Grey;
I lent it to a lady
To ride a mile away.

She whipp'd it, she lash'd it,
She rode it through the mire;
I would not give my pony yet
For all the lady's hire.

72.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten.
And hey, my kitten, my deary;
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

73.

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry, Old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend,
I never would cry, Old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry, Old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell,
Old clothes to sell,
I never would cry, Old clothes to sell.

74.

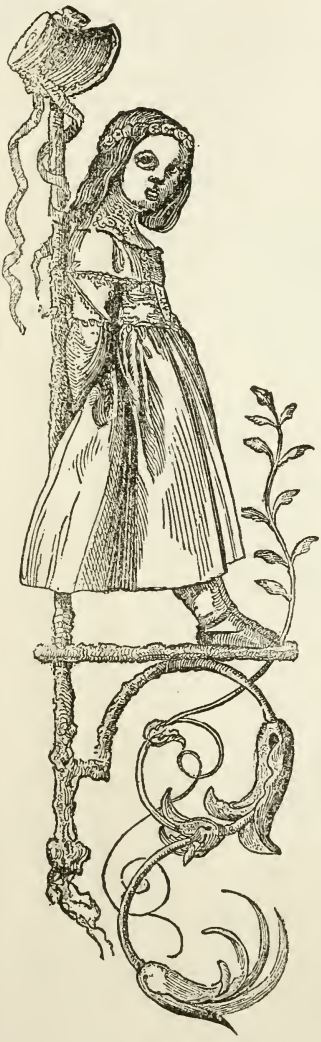
OH, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-hearted fairy? heigh ho!
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
As the light-headed fairy? heigh ho!
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
As the light-footed fairy? heigh ho!
His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

75.

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.



76.

GOOSY, goosy gander,
Who stands yonder?
Little Jenny Baker,
Take her up and shake her.

77.

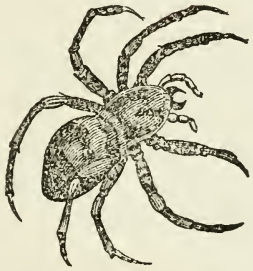
SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have only a penny a day,
Because she can work no faster.

78.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
One for my dame;
But none for the little girl
That cries in the lane.

79.

AT reck'ning let 's play,
And, prithee, let 's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the sum
Of twenty doth come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

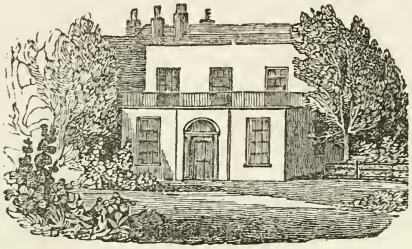


80.

JENNY, good spinner,
Come down to your dinner,
And taste the leg of a frog;
Then all you good people
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

81.

LET us go to the wood, says this pig.
What to do there? says that pig.
To look for my mother, says this pig.
What to do with her? says that pig.
To kiss her, to kiss her, says this pig.



82.

The House that Jack built.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

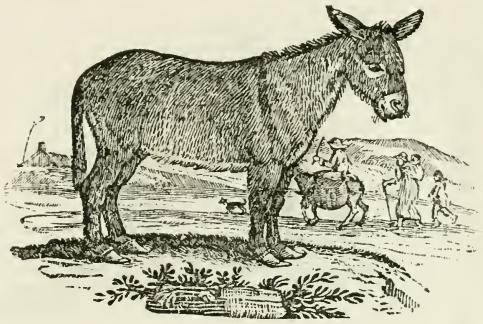
This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,

That toss'd the dog
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer, sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

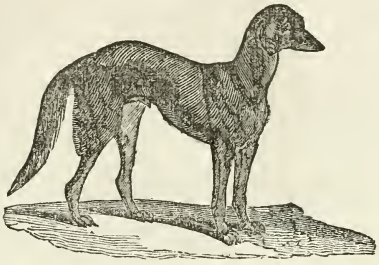


83.

POOR donkey, I 'll give him a handful of grass;
I 'm sure he 's a good-natured honest old ass:
He trots to the market to carry the sack,
And lets me ride all the way home on his back;
And only just stops by the ditch for a minute,
To see if there 's any fresh grass for him in it.

'T is true, now and then he has got a bad trick,
Of standing stock-still, or just trying to kick;
But then, poor old fellow, you know he can't tell,
That standing stock-still is not using me well;
For it never comes into his head, I dare say,
To do his work first, and then afterwards play.

No, no, my good donkey, I 'll give you some grass;
For you know no better, because you 're an ass:
But what little donkeys some children must look,
Who stand, very like you, stock-still at their book,
And waste every moment of time as it passes,
A great deal more stupid and silly than asses!



84.

BOW, wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, goes the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Tu whu, says the owl;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what sparrows say, you know.

So, with sparrows and owls,
With rats and with dogs,
With ducks and with crows,
With cats and with hogs,

A fine song I have made,
To please you, my dear;
And if it 's well sung,
'T will be charming to hear.

85.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
And so she makes music wherever she goes.

86.

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my boy John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

87.

AS I went through the garden-gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Redcap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,—
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a groat.

88.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives:
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

89.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-cum-fee,
The mouse has married the humble bee:
Pipe cat,—dance, mouse;
We 'll have a wedding at our good house.

90.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I 've been up to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

91.

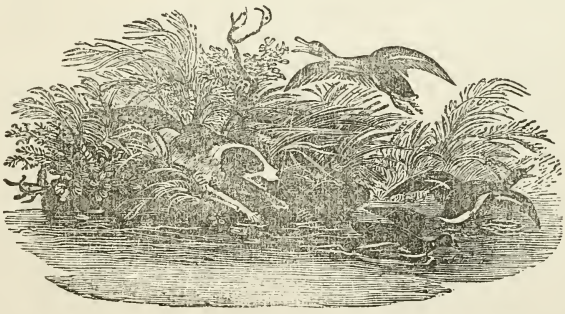
COME, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds, and brooks, and posies see;
Get your hats, and come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Every thing is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing;
See the kitten, full of fun,
Sporting in the brilliant sun;
Children, too, may sport and play,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop, and bring the ball,
Come with happy faces all;
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh, and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

92.

THERE was a little man and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead;
He shot John Sprig through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it off his head.



93.

I HAD a little dog, and they called him Buff,
I sent him to the shop to buy me some snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spill'd the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

94.

PETER PIPER pick'd a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper pick'd;
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper pick'd?

95.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
A sheep's in the meadow, a cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
Oh, he's under the haycock fast asleep.

96.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell;
I gave him some work, and he did it very well;
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepp'd in the coal-scuttle up to the chin.
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
But he tumbled quite down, and fell in a rage;
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again, and said there was none there.

97.

I'LL tell you a story,
About John a Nory;
And now my story 's begun,
I 'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother;
And now my story 's done.

98.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?
And was going to the window,
To say, How do you do?
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

99.

THE man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

100.

THEOPHILUS Thistlethwate
Thrust three thousand thistles
Through the thick of his thumb.

101.

LITTLE Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they 'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep
Fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke
She found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they 'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day,
As Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied
Their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

102.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled England,
He was a goodly king:
He took three pecks of barley meal,
And made a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

103.

SIX little mice sat down to spin;
Pussy pass'd by, and she peep'd in;
What are you at, my jolly old men?
We're making coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our heads.

104.

SING! sing! what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.

105.

THERE was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, yea or nay?
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sigh'd:
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you 're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

106.

Song, set to Five Fingers.

1. THIS little pig went to market;
2. This little pig stayed at home;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter,
4. This little pig had none;
5. This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee! I can't find my way home.

107.

THERE was a little man and he had a little gun,
And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead;
He went unto the brook, and shot a little duck,
And he hit her right through the head, head, head.
Then he went home unto his wife Joan,
And bid her a good fire make, make, make;
For to roast the little duck he had shot at the brook,
And he'd go and fetch home the drake, drake, drake.

108.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white cake, and a galloping-horse,
And a hugey penny pie.

109.

ROUND about, round about, maggoty pie;
My father loves good beer, so do I.

110.

ROBERT Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

111.

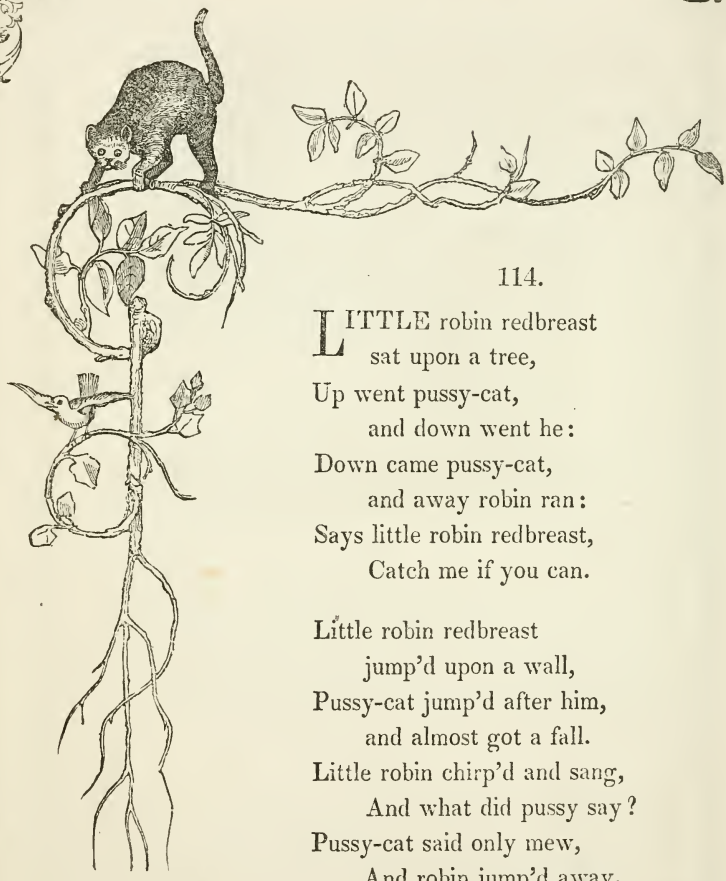
LITTLE Tom Twig bought a fine bow and arrow;
And what did he shoot? Why, a poor little sparrow.
Oh, fie, little Tom! with your fine bow and arrow,
How cruel to shoot a poor little sparrow!

112.

LADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children at home;
They 're all burnt but one, and that's little Ann,
And she has crept under the warming-pan.

113.

TO market, to market, to buy a plum-bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.



114.

LITTLE robin redbreast
sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat,
and down went he:
Down came pussy-cat,
and away robin ran:
Says little robin redbreast,
Catch me if you can.

Little robin redbreast
jump'd upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jump'd after him,
and almost got a fall.
Little robin chirp'd and sang,
And what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said only mew,
And robin jump'd away.

115.

SEE-SAW, Jack in a hedge,
Which is the way to London bridge?
One foot up, the other down,
That is the way to London town.

116.

THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that 's half:
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that 's all.

117.

PRETTY flower, tell me why
All your leaves do open wide
Every morning, when on high
The noble sun begins to ride.

This is why, my lady fair,
If you would the reason know,
For betimes the pleasant air
Very cheerfully doth blow.

And the birds on every tree
Sing a merry, merry tune,
And the busy honey-bee
Comes to suck my sugar soon.

This is all the reason why
I my little leaves undo:
Lady, lady, wake and try
If I have not told you true.

118.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree-top;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

119.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother;
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother, in Germantown.

120.

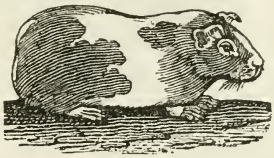
THERE was an old woman, who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did not know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
Then whipt them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

121.

LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pye-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

122.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
Ride to the market, to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggetty jog.



123.

THERE was a little guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked; was sometimes vi'lent;
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent.
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And, as I am told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

124.

IS John Smith within?
Yes, that he is;
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry, two;
Here a nail, there a nail.
Tick, tack, too.

125.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat 's got into the tree,
Pussy, come down,
Or I 'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

126.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

127.

BAT, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I 'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I 'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

128.

THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one nam'd Jack,
The other nam'd Jill,
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

129.

TO bed, to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
Stay awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-sot,
We' ll sup before we go.

130.

IN a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife,
Who, believe me, were comical folk;
For, to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they spoke.
When quite fast asleep,
I've been told, that to keep
Their eyes open they scarce could contrive;
They walk'd on their feet,
And 't was thought what they eat
Help'd, with drinking, to keep them alive.

131.

TO market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, hobbledy gee:
First go the ladies, nim, nim, nim;
Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim;
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trop.

132.

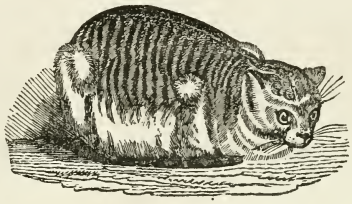
PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
Make me a cake as fast as you can;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And send it home for Tommy and me.

133.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder, and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You 'll find milk, and I 'll find flour,
And we 'll have a pudding in half an hour.

134.

HEY, diddle, dout, my candle 's out,
My little maid is not at home;
Saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little maiden home.



135.

DIDDLETY, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum-tree;
Half-a-crown
To fetch her down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

136.

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy 's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
Who tried to drown poor pussy cat,
That never did him any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn!

137.

ONE, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
I let it go again.

138.

HEY, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

139.

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin
And looks at the sky,
Oh, brother Richard,
The sun's very high!

140.

THERE was a man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
But when he saw his eyes were out
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

141.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play.

142.

COME, good Mr. Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feed in the pantry;
But let them stay
And nibble away;
What harm's in a little brown mouse?

143.

I HAD a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

144.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray, keep them safe at home.

145.

JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

146.

OH, dear, what can the matter be!
Two old women got up in an apple-tree;
One came down,
And the other staid up till Saturday.

147.

HAVE you ever heard of Billy Pringle's pig?
It was very little, and not very big;
When it was alive it lived in clover,
But now it is dead, and that's all over.
Billy Pringle he lay down and died;
Betsy Pringle she sat down and cried.
So there's an end of all the three,
Billy Pringle he, Betsy Pringle she, and poor little piggy wigee.

148.

HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not set Humpty Dumpty up again.

149.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket
Sits upon his cracket;
Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and jacket;
Make him coat and jacket,
Breeches to the knee;
And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

150.

I WILL sing you a song,
Though it is not very long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burned his tail,
And the little boy that must be whipp'd to-morrow.

151.

THREE blind mice,
See, how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.
Did ever you hear such a thing in your life
As three blind mice?

152.

LITTLE Willie Winkie
runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs,
in his night-gown,
Rapping at the window,
crying through the lock,
Are the children in their beds?
for now it's eight o'clock.

153.

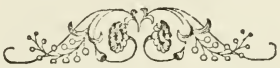
CROSS Patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbours in.

154.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat 's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

155.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And columbines all of a row.



156.

HARK, hark, the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags, some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

157.

HUSH-A-BYE a ba-lamb,
Hush-a-bye a milk-cow;
You shall have a little stick
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

158.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town
In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.

159.

HUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And how do you think they got there?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker,
They all jump'd out of a roasted potato.
'T was enough to make a man stare!

160.

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire
Over a fender of coal-dust;
Said one little dog
To the other little dog,
If you don't talk, why I must.

161.

HANDY Spandy Jack-a-dandy
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's snop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

162.

BROW, brow, brinkie;
Eye, eye, winkie;
Nose, nose, nopper;
Mouth, mouth, merry;
Cheek, cheek, cherry;
Chin, chin, chopper.

163.

DO you go before
With your bottle and bag,
And I will come after
On little Jack Nag.

164.

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning:
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

165.

COCK a-doodle-doo!
Dame has lost her shoe,
Master 's broke his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

166.

ROBERT Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man:
There 's a nail, and there 's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

167.

LITTLE robin redbreast sat upon a rail,
He noddled with his head, and waggled with his tail;
He noddled with his head, and waggled with his tail,
As little robin redbreast sat upon a rail.

168.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then?
Poor thing!
He 'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing—
Poor thing!

THE END.